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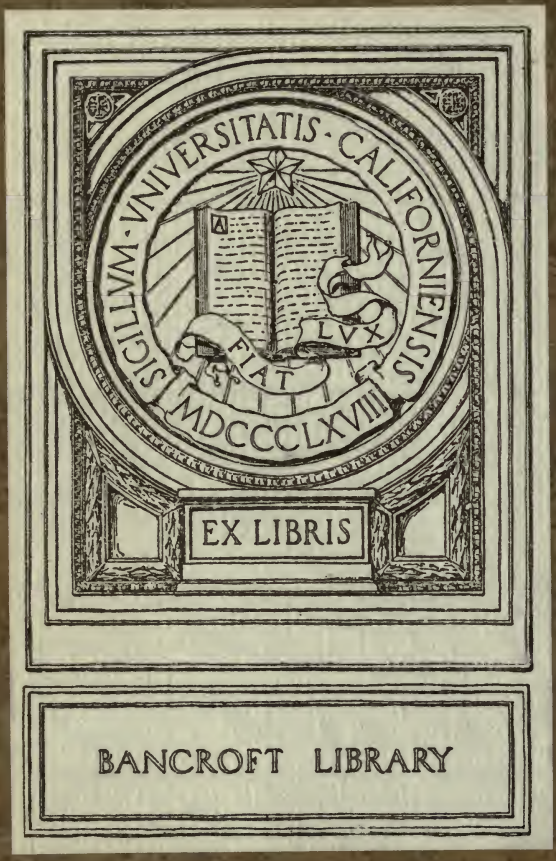

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Modern Herodians

OR

Slaughterers of Innocents

BY

MRS. C. I. HARRIS

DOCTOR
C.I.
IS
CHIROPRACTOR

Mrs C. I Harris

Modern Herodians

OR

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INTRODUCTION

With the money derived from the sale of this book, if the amount is sufficient to even make a beginning, and I feel sure it will be, I intend to build a large home and throw its doors open to motherless or homeless girls, and if they cannot secure employment all the time, or get sick, they will have a home where there is a woman in it that will try to be a mother to every girl that comes under her roof, and will try to influence them to strive for the best and highest to be obtained in a Christian life. I know that God is with me in this work, and all my life so far He has been preparing me for this mission. A great many people placed in the same condition I am would sit down and grieve over their trials and troubles. Not so with me. In all my trials and troubles, and they have been many and grievous, God has given me grace sufficient to see my faults and understand the lesson implied.

My heart always aches when I see little girls left motherless and the father with slender means, as is so often the case. Usually then the home is broken up, the little girls drift from post to pillar, brought in contact with varied influences, and it is very hard for them to attain very high standards in life.

If this American nation wishes to maintain its high prestige as being supreme among nations, then it must look well to the moral training of the children, boys just as well as girls. I will not attempt to lay down rules and regulations, but every person trying to live a Christian life, and especially as Jesus would, can assist some child in some way as the opportunity offers, and they are many.

SONG OF SOLOMON

IS LIFE UNINTERESTING?

"Nobody has any right to find life uninteresting or unrewarding, who sees within their sphere of his own activity a wrong he can help to remedy or within himself an evil he can hope to overcome."—President Elliott, Harvard University.

How any free person can ever find life uninteresting is beyond my comprehension. The marvelous beauty we can find in nature on every hand, coupled with the great achievements of man in all industries as well as in Art, Literature, and Science, has often caused me to feel as though I were shirking in some way if I did not do something that the world would be benefited by my having lived in it. Forty years have now passed over my head, and never till the present time have I ever felt called on to do anything special for the benefit of humanity, but now that so much is being said and so little actually done concerning the unfortunate victims of the White Slave Traffic, and I feel so furious at these devils in human guise, that have carried on such a fiendish business, that I am sure I could not rest comfortable in my grave if I did not take up a good strong cudgel and wield it right lively to help slaughter the evil herd. It seems to me that if any one on God's footstool can find life uninteresting, a young girl lured in some way from home, made a prisoner and compelled to live the vilest kind of a life and treated in a most inhuman way, certainly would.

I think the actual truth concerning some of these unfortunate girls should be more universally known, that it may open the eyes of parents and guardians of girls to the fact that "White Slavery" is an existing condition, a system of girl hunting that is National and International in its scope, that it literally consumes thousands of girls, clean and innocent girls, every year. It is a shame and

disgrace to this boasted "land of the free" and "home of the brave" of ours that thousands of our most beautiful "flowers of innocents" should be plucked every year by these fiends and compelled to live a life so revolting that the subject even must be carefully veiled before being introduced to the public. I, for one, cannot sit quietly in my own cosy home, and turn a deaf ear to the cries of those slave girls, supposing my own little daughter should be stolen one day and held a prisoner in one of those infernal places. There are no words in my vocabulary that could express my anguish if such should ever happen, and every mother that reads these lines, I ask you to take it home to yourself. Suppose your daughter is to swell those ranks, what then? You might say, "Not much danger to mine," but under the present conditions no one can be sure about it. So I say it behooves us to be up in arms and work together as one woman to build a bulwark of protection around our girls, and raise money to build more homes for those who already have been wrecked. The editor of "Woman's World" has said: "Evil men will ply their trade and reap continual harvest of precious souls whenever and wherever permitted." Now, why do we permit such traffic? Because the public has been in ignorance to the terrible condition and political and official authority from President to peth-master have generally been so corrupt. There is no reason why we cannot have laws that would prohibit men carrying on such a business unless the people and the lawmakers sanction it. There was a law passed by Congress February 20, 1907. This act declares: "That any person who shall keep, maintain, support or harbor, any alien woman for immoral purpose within three years after her arrival in this country, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be liable to a fine of $5,000 and imprisonment for five years, at discretion of the court." There is no authority under the present National statutes for the Federal Government to prosecute those concerned in securing White Slaves who are natives of this country. What flagrant injustice! Such a statement ought to arouse the indignation of every decent man or woman who reads them.

If men will not make laws adequate to our needs, then it's a pity women have not the power to adjust them. It's another pity that some women that are so narrow-minded as to think that other women are out of their sphere when they advocate women's rights, were the only ones to furnish daughters to swell the ranks of workers in all the various activities and in many cases to be preyed on by conscienceless men.

We must have more stringent laws in regard to protecting our girls. For instance, the penalty for a "White Slaver" at present is $5,000 and five years in prison, one or both, at discretion of court. Men that made such a law as that have no more regard for dear little girls than for cows and calves and such. Such heinous crimes that these White Slavers commit must be punishable by imprisonment for life on being convicted.

Until we have such laws it will be impossible to stop entirely such business, but I hope and trust that now so many people are earnestly trying to live good and pure lives, taking Jesus as their model, will remember that faith without works is dead, and if we wish to live Christ-like lives, so to be able to stand before Him on judgment day, we must work as He would if here on earth as He once was. Do you think He would accept money, a small sum at that, for such terrible, terrible crimes that are far worse than murder? No! a thousand times, No! If all Christian people would take up Home Missionary work and do all they can as the opportunity offers and even make an opportunity if necessary, and see if they cannot make some marvelous changes in some of the seemingly unimportant places round their homes as well as the laws of their country.

For the benefit of some people who may read this booklet and possibly have not read much concerning "White Slavery" or have not paid much attention to the subject, I will quote other authority, that you may know it is not the imagination of some woman to create material for a story.

SKETCH I

Edwin W. Simms, United States District Attorney, Chicago, from his article in the "Woman's World," published by Geo. H. Currier:

"There are some things so far removed from the lives of normal decent people as to be simply unbelievable by them. The 'White Slave' trade of today is one of these incredible things. The calmest, simplest statements of its facts are almost beyond the comprehension or belief of men and women who are mercifully spared from the contact with the dark and hidden secrets of the underworld of the big cities. Who would credit the statement, for example, that things are being done every day in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago and other large cities of this country, in the 'White Slave' traffic, which would by contrast make the Congo slave trader of the old days appear like Good Samaritans, yet this figure is almost a literal truth. The man of the stone age who clubbed the woman of his desire into insensibility or submission was little short of a high-minded gentleman when contrasted with the men who fatten on the 'White Slave' traffic.

"In this day of social settlements, the forward movements of Y. M. C. A. and Christian Endeavor activities, of airships and wireless telegraphy, he says, the evidence obtained from questioning some 250 girls taken in four weeks' time in Chicago houses of ill repute, leads me to believe that not fewer than 15,000 girls have been imported into this country in the last year as 'White Slaves.' Of course this is only a guess, an approximate figure; it could be nothing else, but my own personal belief is that it is a conservative guess and well within the facts as to numbers. Then please remember that the girls imported are certainly but a mere fraction of the number recruited for the army of prostitution from home fields, from the cities, the towns, the villages of our country. There is no possible escape from this conclusion,

whether those hundreds of innocents play their awful calling at home or abroad, their methods are much the same, with the exception that the foreign girl is more hopelessly at their mercy. Let me take the case of a little Italian peasant girl, who helped her father till the soil in the vineyards and fields near Naples. Like most of those taken in the raid, she stoutly maintained she had been in this country for more than three years, and that she was in a life of shame from choice and not through the criminal act of any person, when she was brought into what the sensational papers would call the sweat box, was clear that she was in a state of abject terror. Soon, however, the Assistant District Attorney, U. S. Parkin, having charge of the examination, convinced her that he and his associates were her friends and protectors and their object was to punish those who had profited by her ruin, and to send her back to her little Italian home with all her expenses paid, that she was under the protection of the United States and was as if the King of Italy were to take her under his royal care and pledge his word that her enemies should not have revenge on her, then she broke down and with pitiful sobs related her awful narrative. That every word of it is true no one could doubt who saw her as she told it. Briefly this is her story:

"A fine lady who wore beautiful clothes came to where she lived with her parents, made friends with her, told her that she was uncommonly pretty (the truth, by the way), and professed a great interest in her. Such flattering attentions from an American lady who wore clothes as fine as those of the Italian nobility could have but one effect upon the mind of this simple little peasant girl and of a still simpler parents. Their heads were completely turned and they regarded the American lady with almost adoration. Very shrewdly the woman did not attempt to bring the little girl back with her, but held out the hope that some day a letter might come with money for her passage to America. Once there she would become the companion of her American friend, and they would have great times together. Of course in due time the money came and the $100 was a most substantial pledge to

the wealth and generosity of the American lady. Unhesitatingly she was prepared for the voyage which was to take her to the land of happiness and good fortune. According to the arrangements made by letter the girl was met at New York by two friends of her benefactress, who attended to her entrance papers and took her in charge. These friends were two of the most brutal of all the 'White Slave' drivers who were in the traffic. At the time she was about 16 years old, innocent and rarely attractive for a girl of her class, having large handsome eyes, black hair and rich olive skin of the typical Italian. When these two men took her she did not know, but by the most violent brutal means they quickly accomplished her ruin. For a week she was subject to unspeakable treatment and made to feel that her degradation was complete and final, and here let it be said that the breaking of the spirit, the crushing of all hope of any future save that of shame, is always a part of the initiative of a 'White Slave.'

"Then the girl was shipped on to Chicago, where she was disposed of to a keeper of an Italian dive of the violent type. On her entrance here she was furnished with gaudy dresses, wearing apparel for which the keeper of the place charged her $600, as in the case of all new 'White Slaves.' She was not allowed to have any clothing which she could wear upon the street. Her one object in life was to escape from the den in which she was held a prisoner. To pay out seemed the surest way and at length from her wages of shame she was able to cancel the $600 account. Then she asked for her street clothing and her release only to be told she had incurred other expenses to the amount of $400. Her Italian blood took fire at this and she made a dash for liberty, but she was not quite quick enough and the hand of the oppressor was upon her. In the wild scene that followed she was slashed with a razor, one gash straight through her right eye, one across her cheek and another slitting her ear. Then she was given medical attention and the wounds gradually healed, but her face is horribly multilated. Her right eye is always open and to look upon her is to shudder. When the raids began she was secreted

and arrangements made to ship her to a dive in the mining regions. Fortunately, however, a few hours before she was to start on her journey, a United States Marshal raided the place and captured herself as well as her keeper. To add to the horror of her situation she is soon to become a mother. The awful thought in her mind, however, is to escape assassination at the hands of the murderous gang which oppressed her. When once the 'White Slave' is sold and landed in a home or dive she becomes a prisoner. The raids disclosed the fact that in each of these places is a room having but one door, of which the keeper holds the key. In here are locked all the street clothes, shoes and the ordinary apparel of a woman. The finery which is provided for the girls for home wear is of a nature to make her appearance on the street impossible. Then added to this handicap is the fact that the girl is placed in debt to the keeper for a wardrobe of fancy clothes which are charged to her at preposterous prices. She cannot escape while she is in debt to the keeper and is never allowed to get out of debt, at least until all desire to leave the life is dead within her."

SKETCH II

I am thankful that God has raised up men loyal enough to humanity to expose this awful condition. It is astonishing that such work has been allowed to go so long when it is a certainty that many men of authority have known of the condition, but now that it is exposed in all its awfulness, those that read and have one spark of love for humanity and the country in which they live must do their part to cause proper laws to be made. This evil includes another also to be considered. If men did not use so much of that terrible inflamer of passion, liquor, and were compelled by strict laws to live somewhere near normal, decent lives, there would be less demand for "White Slaves." Therefore let

us away with saloons. The money men spend in saloons should be spent among the merchants in legitimate business for the benefit of their families, and would be if they were compelled to keep sober and provide for them. Therefore let the saloon man turn butcher or baker and provide something for the benefit of the whole family instead of what is a curse to it. Every one who wishes to protect their boys and girls must take a personal interest in the laws of our nation. Let us try to secure honorable men for our law makers. The saloon element has had too much influence here in the past, and even at present has too much power. I will here quote from other authority. This time an assistant United States District Attorney, Harry A. Parkin, also from an article in the Woman's World.

The cases that are given have come under his immediate observation, and I will follow them up with the form of law he has framed up for us to present to the law makers. He says much about stringent laws and admits much is being said by prominent people in favor of more stringent laws, and then proceeds to frame up a law that is anything but stringent. All he has framed up meets my approval except this one, and that one surely would cause satan to double up with mirth. He says: "One of the strangest results brought about by the recent 'White Slave' prosecutions in Chicago, and the publicity which they have received has been the astonishment of thousands of persons as evidenced by letters that the fact that such a wholesale traffic is actually in existence, but what is still more astonishing, not to say discouraging, is the reluctance of other thousands to believe that many hundreds of men and women are actually engaged in the business of luring girls and women to their destruction, and that this infamous traffic is being carried on in every state of the Union every day of the year. Perhaps the actuality of this awful advocation may be made more clearly apparent to the innocent, unsophisticated doubters whose awakening and moral support is needed if I cite one or two instances which have come to my personal knowledge within the last few days.

SKETCH III

"In a comfortable farm house in a state bordering upon Illinois is an uncommonly attractive young girl who has almost by accident been delivered from the worst fate which can possibly befall a young woman, through the secret service operations of one of the most dangerous procurers of this country was traced to the home in which this beautiful girl had been adopted as a daughter. The White Slave had already ingratiated himself into her confidence and that of her foster parents, and arrangements had practically been made by which she was to accompany him to Chicago, where he had a fine position awaiting her. If he had not been located and his character made known to the household at the time this was done she would now be a White Slave in a Chicago den. Another case which has a less fortunate termination is that which involves the fake marriage, a subterfuge common in this wretched traffic. A young man made the acquaintance of a handsome girl in the north side district of Chicago. He was polished and plausible and the parents of the girl, who were ambitious for their daughter's advancement, were apparently flattered that he should bestow his attentions upon her. When, after a very brief courtship, he proposed marriage they offered no objection and even set aside their own wishes when he suggested he held prejudice against being married by a clergyman and against having a formal wedding. Consequently they went before a justice of the peace, who pronounced them man and wife. The fake justice, who was merely a confederate of the "White Slaver." They went at once to San Antonio, Texas, he having claimed he held a very profitable position in a large business concern in that city. When they arrived there the poor girl had an awful awakening, for she was promptly sold into the life of shame without hope of escape from its degrading servitude."

SKETCH IV

This is of a little German girl of Buffalo, who married a man who deserted her about the time her child was born. Her baby is now about eight or nine months old. Almost immediately after her husband ran away she formed the acquaintance of an engaging young man, who claimed to take deep interest in her welfare and in that of a certain girl friend of hers. He persuaded them both that if they would accompany him to Chicago he would immediately place them in employment which would be far more profitable than anything they could obtain in Buffalo. Supposing that the work awaiting her was propertly legitimate and respectable, the little mother took her baby and in company with the young man and her friend came to Chicago. The next task of this human fiend was to persuade this child-widow that it would be necessary for her to place her baby temporarily in a foundlings home, in order that it might not interfere with her employment. This accomplished he took the two young women at once to a notorious house and sold them into "White Slavery." Thenceforth this fellow has lived in luxury upon the shameful earnings of these two victims. The young mother has attempted by every means imaginable to escape from his clutches and at last has importuned him into a promise to release his hold upon her on the payment of $300. She is still working out the price of her release. It is scarcely too much to say she looks twice her age.

SKETCH V

One other example from the current history of the "White Slave" trade as it is pursued today. Only a few nights since a physician was called in professionally at one of the houses of Chicago's "red light" district. Two men and a young woman entered the door just before him; took seats at a table. A glance at her fresh and innocent face was enough to convince him that she was out of her element, and probably quite unaware of the character of her surroundings. Stepping abruptly to the table the physician looked the young woman straight in the eye and asked: "Madame, do you know this is a house of prostitution?" "No!" was the trembling answer. "Are you a woman of the streets?" he persisted. She flushed indignantly and finally replied, "No. I am a respectable woman and supposed I was being taken to a lady's cafe." Her companions bolted for the door and made their escape. The physician then called a policeman, who escorted the young woman to her home and found the statements to be true that she was a respectable girl and believed her friends to be taking her to a respectable restaurant. Tragedies of this kind are happening every day and all over the country. It is time for the decent people of the United States to wake up and realize what is going on in the "underworld" and to take strong measures to protect their daughters and their neighbors' daughters from the hands of the most dispicable and inhuman of all criminals, the "White Slave traders."

Mr. Parkins also states that the keepers of houses of ill-fame have discovered that the hideous task of keeping unwilling "white salves" in subjection is much easier if a certain ownership of her is vested in some man. In many cases this man is the one who is directly responsible for placing the girl in the house, but this is not invariably the case. When it is the case he receives not only a lump purchase price down on delivery of his

victim to the house, but he is recognized by the keeper as her owner or master, the one to whom a certain percentage of her income is paid, and with whom all settlements on her account are made. What is more important in the eye of the keeper is that this man is held absolutely responsible for the girl's subjection, and if she attempts to escape he must cajole, threaten or beat her into subjection. In one of the recent raids I chanced to come upon visual demonstration of how this peculiar phase of "White Slavery" operates in actual practice. One of these fellows was disciplining a girl he owned and doing so by the gentle process of forcing her against the wall with his hands at her throat. Some of these fellows own two or three or perhaps more "White Slaves," and on the income of their slavery these brutes live in luxury at expensive hotels, maintain expensive automobiles and lead lives of luxury, idleness and dissipation. Mr. Parkins also states there are at least 5000 men living in Chicago that are supported in whole or in part in this manner.

Yet in the face of all this Mr. Parkins frames up a law for us to copy that reads like this: "Any person who shall knowingly accept or receive in whole or in part support or maintainence on the proceeds or earnings of any woman engaged in prostitution shall be deemed guilty of a felony, and on conviction thereof shall be confined in the penitentiary not less than one year, or more than three years, and fined not exceeding $1000, or both, at the discretion of the court." Such a law would be an insult added to injury. There isn't anything stringent about it. Those fiends would only wink at it. The people may be innocent in some respects, but they are not so unsophisticated since having a Roosevelt administration that they cannot occasionally detect trickery in high places. As Mr. Parkins has framed up several laws in that same article in the "Woman's World" in the April, 1909, number, I advise every one to get it and read it. They are all good, but the one that being the fact, they thought to catwalk this one in. Many such an imposition has been sprung on the public in the same sly way. Mr. Parkins has framed up not only the new laws for us,

but also the form of letter for us to write our representative in the legislature that he advises each and every individual to write personally to them. I advise this also, but frame that one law up so that it will read like this:

"Any person who shall knowingly accept or receive in whole or in part support or maintainence from the proceeds or earnings of any woman engaged in prostitution shall be deemed guilty of a felony, and on conviction thereof *shall be imprisoned for life at hard labor,* and the proceeds of his labors go to support homes for fallen women, fatherless babies and other orphans." Now that comes a little nearer being stringent. These imps of satan in the form of man if they do not hesitate to steal every young and pretty girl they can get their talons on and imprison them for the rest of their life, why should we accord them less than a life sentence, to work for the benefit of the innocent. Mr. Parkins also mentions the fact that it is very difficult to convict those imps, because the state will endeavor to prove they have some other and legitimate business, such as a solicitor of some kind if nothing else, in other words these brutes have plenty of money to hire others of their ilk to lie for them, even under oath.

Mr. Parkins did not state, however, that the main witness against such an imp is debarred by the present statutes from being a witness, i. e., any woman from a house of prostitution is not allowed to go on the stand, though she may have been stolen from a good home, robbed of her innocence, compelled by force to remain in such a house, and yet the condition of our laws says such a one cannot raise her voice against the author of all this infamy against her. The farce of men's justice to woman is so rotten it stinks to high heaven. It is a blessed thing for the angels that they have not the sense of smell, and yet there are women to be found who will sit down in a rocking chair, fold their hands and declare the laws man has made and the way he has managed affairs suits her very well, and as far as she is concerned he will not be hindered from having his way for all time. Such a one

represents either ignorance or slothfulness, or are friends to the fiends of the underworld.

Of course we have a lot of good and noble men as well as women, but they are far from being in the majority among humanity, and you know it's the majority that rules, so let the good noble men and women join forces to put up a fight for radical changes in our laws and regulations, and see to it that a "White Slave" can be a witness against her oppressors, as well as doing away with many other evils.

SKETCH VI

The next article is one by Mrs. O. Amigh, Superintendent Illinois Training School for Girls, to show how much good she has accomplished by taking a real personal interest in these girls. I wish I might arouse everyone to take such a real personal interest in this as well as all other such work that much more good might be accomplished.

More About the Trade in Shame, by Mrs. Ophelia Amigh, Superintendent of the Illinois Training School for Girls.

One of the most disheartening things in the work of protecting innocent girls and restoring to useful lives those who have been betrayed from the path of right living is the blind incredulity of a very large part of the public. There are hundreds of thousands of women in the homes of this country who know as little of what is going on in the world, so far as the safety of their daughters is concerned, as so many children. They are almost marvelously ignorant of the terrible conditions all about them—and all about their children, too.

Of course, their blindness to these awful actualities makes them more comfortable, for the time being, than they could possibly be if awake to the perils which beset the feet of their daughters and the daughters of their friends and neighbors. But there is no permanency to this sort of peace—and thousands of mothers of this class are annually brought to their senses and recalled to earth by discovering that their own daughters have made the fatal misstep and have passed under the brand of the pariah. The awakening of such parents comes too late, generally, to do much good. Not always, but in a majority of cases. Many, many times after I have related to a casual woman visitor the simple details of a typical "case" brought here to the State Home, the caller has exclaimed: "How terrible! I didn't dream that such things were going on in the world!"

Now, if you had something of great value which needed to be protected day and night, would you select for such a task a blind watchman? or one who was firmly possessed of the idea that there was really no danger, no occasion for watchfulness? Certainly not! There is nothing in the world of such priceless value to a father or a mother as the honor, the purity, the good character of a daughter. No parent will possibly question this statement. And still there are many thousands of parents entrusted by Providence with the safe-keeping of this priceless treasure who are themselves in the position of discharging that great responsibility with closed eyes, with dull ears and with a childish belief that there is no real peril threatening the safety of their daughters! These parents do not live on earth, their heads are in the clouds and their ears are filled with the cry of "'Peace! Peace!' when there is no peace."

As one whose daily duty it is to deal with warward and fallen girls, as one who has had to dig down into the sordid and revolting details of thousands of these sad cases (for I have spent the best part of my life in this line of work) let me say to such mothers:

In this day and age of the world *no young girl is safe!* And all *young girls who are not surrounded by the alert, constant and intelligent protection of those who love them unselfishly are in imminent and deadly peril.* And the more beautiful and attractive they are the greater is their peril!

The first and most vital step for the protection of the girls who walk in this path of pitfalls is to arouse the sleeping watchmen who are, by reason of their parenthood, responsible for the safe-keeping of their daughters. This is why the "White Slave" articles by Hon. Edwin W. Sims and others, which have been published in the Woman's World, have done great good. They have stirred to a sense of alarm thousands of parents who were asleep in a false sense of security. If they accomplish nothing beyond this they will fully have justified their publication.

But it is evident that they will also result in the enactment of much needed legislation, of laws which will make it easier to convict and punish those who live from this foul traffic in the shame of girls whose natural protectors are asleep in this false sense of security. Of course, practically every state has some laws against the traffic—but I do not know of any state in which the laws now on the statute books are adequate to deal with the situation as it should be dealt with.

One of the things which comfortable and trusting parents seem to find especialy hard to believe is the point upon which both U. S. District Attorney Sims and his assistant, Mr. Parkin, have placed so much stress—the existence of *an active and systematic traffic in girls.* There is no safety for the daughter of any parent who is not awake and alive to the actuality of this fact!

It is one of the satisfactions of my life to reflect that I have been one of the agents in sending a dozen—perhaps more—persons to the penitentiary for participating in this traffic.

The dragnets of the inhuman men and women who ply this terrible trade are spread day and night and are manipulated with a skill and precision which ought to strike terror to the heart of

every careless or indifferent parent. The wonder is not that so many are caught in the net, but that they escape! I count the week—I might almost say the day—a happy and fortunate one which does not bring to my attention as an officer of the state a deplorable case of this kind.

Just to show how tightly and broadly the nets of these fishers for girls are spread, let me tell of an instance which occurred to a girl from this institution:

This girl, whom I will call Nellie, is a very ordinary looking girl, and below the average of intelligence, but as tractable and obedient as she is ingenuous. She is wholly without the charms which would naturally attract the eye of the White Slave trader.

Because of her quietness, her obedience and her good disposition, she was, in accordance with the rules of the instiution, permitted to go into the family of a substantial farmer out in the West and work as a housemaid, a "hired girl"—her wages to be deposited to her credit against the time when she should reach the age of twenty-one and leave the Home.

She had been in her position for some time and was so quiet and satisfactory that one Sunday when the family were not going to church the mistress said:

"Jennie, if you wish to go to church alone you may do so. The milk wagon will be along shortly and you can ride on that to the village—and here is seventy-five cents. You may want to buy your dinner and perhaps some candy."

When Nellie reached town and was on her way past the railroad station to the church the train for Chicago came in, and the impulse seized her to get aboard, go to the city and look up her father, whom she had not seen for several months. She went to the city and had hardly stepped from the train into the big station when he heard a man's voice saying: "Why, hello, Mary."

Instantly—foolishly, of course—she answered him and replied:

"My name's not Mary; it's Nellie."

"You look the very picture," he replied, "of a girl I know

well whose name is Mary—and she's a fine girl, too! Are any of your folks here to meet you?"

"No," she answered. "My father's here in the city, somewhere, but he doesn't know I'm coming. I've been working out in the country for a long time and I didn't write him about coming back."

Her answers were so ingenuous and revealing that the man saw that he had an easy and simple victim to deal with. Therefore his tactics were very direct.

"It's about time to eat," he suggested, "and I guess we're both hungry. You go to a restaurant and eat with me and perhaps I can help you to find your father quicker than you could do it alone."

She accepted, and in the course of the meal he asked her if she would not like to find a place at which to work. "I know of a fine place in Blank City," he added. "The woman is looking for a good girl just like you."

"Yes, I'd be pleased to get the place, but I haven't any money to pay the fare with," was her answer.

"Oh, that's all right," he quickly replied. "I'll buy your ticket and give you a little money besides for a cab and other expenses. The woman told me to do that if I could find her a girl. She'll send me back a check for it all."

After he had bought the ticket and put her aboard the train going to Blank City he wrote the name of the woman to whom he was sending her, gave her about $2.00 extra and then delivered this fatherly advice to her:

"You're just a young girl, and it's best for you not to talk to anybody on the train or after you get off. Don't show this paper to anybody or tell anybody where you're going. It isn't any of their business, anyway. And as soon as you get off the train you'll find plenty of cabs there. Hand our paper to the first cab driver in the line, get in and ride to Mrs. A——'s home. Pay the driver and then walk in."

Believing that she was being furnished a position by a re-

markably kind man, the poor girl followed his directions implicitly—and landed the next day in one of the most notorious houses of shame in the state of Illinois outside of Chicago. How she was found and rescued is a story apart from the purposes which has led me to tell of this incident—that of indicating how tightly the slave traders have their nets spread for even the most ordinary and unattractive prey. They let no girl escape whom they dare to approach!

It may be well and to the point to add, however, that two other girls who had been in the care of the State Home were found to be in the same house to which this girl had been lured, and they were also recovered.

Almost at the beginning of my experience I received a penciled note which I have kept on my desk as a stimulus to my energies and my watchfulness along the line of checkmating the work of the White Slavers. It is very brief and terse—but what a story it tells! Here is a copy of it—with the substitution of a fictitious name:

"Ellen Holmes has been sold for $50.00 to Madam Blank's house at ——— Armour avenue."

The statement was true—and the man who sold her and the woman who bought her were both sent to the state penitentiary as a penalty for the transaction.

Another fact which the public finds hard to believe—especially the public of mothers—is that girls who are lured into the life of shame find it impossible to make their escape, and that they are prisoners and slaves in every sense of the word. I recall one instance of a girl from a good home who had fallen into the hands of a White Slave trader and been sold to a house in the red-light district. Her people were frantic over her disappearance and made every possible effort to locate her, but without success. Several months after the excitement and publicity aroused by her disappearance died away, a newsboy who had delivered papers at her home—which was in a very good residence district of the city—happened to be passing along a cross

street of the red-light section—just on the fringes of it, in fact. Suddenly he heard a tap on the window, looked up and saw the anxious face of the lost girl. Then she disappeared.

Knowing the story of her strange disappearance, he hurried straight to her home and told of his experience. Instantly the father secured officers and the little newsboy led the posse back to the house, in the window of which he had caught a glimpse of her face. They raided the place and rescued the girl. The story of the terrible treatment which she had received cannot be told here. It is enough to say that she had been held as a captive, imprisoned as much as any inmate of a penitentiary is imprisoned, and that if the friendly newsboy had not happened to pass, as he did, the window from which she was looking out, she would undoubtedly be there today or in some other similar prison of shame through the process of exchange.

One other matter in this connection needs to come in for clear and decisive emphasis: the fact that the runaway marriage is the favorite device of the White Slaver for landing victims who could not otherwise be entrapped. Those alleged summer resorts and excursion centers which are well advertised as Gretna Greens, and as places where the usual legal and official formalities preliminary to respectable marriage are reduced to a minimum, are star recruiting stations for the White Slave traffic. I have never seen this point brought out with any degree of clearness in any article, and I earnestly urge all mothers to give this statement the most serious consideration, and never to allow a daughter to go to one of these places on an excursion, or under any pretext whatever, unless accompanied by some older member of the family. And even then there is something unwholesome and contaminating in the very atmosphere of such a place.

Do you think that I overstate the perils of places of this kind? Of these gay excursion centers, these American Gretna Greens? I hesitate to say how many girls I have had under my care who were enticed into a "runaway marriage" at these places —and then promptly sold into white slavery by the men whom they

had married, the men who married them for no other purpose than to sell them to the houses of the red-light district and live in luxury from the proceeds of their shame.

Let every mother teach her daughter that the man who proposes an elopement, a runaway marriage, is not to be trusted for an instant, and puts himself under suspicion of being that most loathsome of all things in human form—a White Slave trader!

SKETCH VII

Next on the list comes a sketch by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, dealing with quite another type of wronged girlhood, but just as pitiable.

Advice for the Erring, by Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

A young woman from Boston (which town I heard called recently the wickedest city in America) writes me a very sad letter and asks for advice, which will be easier to give than to follow.

Briefly, this is her life: Orphaned and penniless at the age of sixteen, she obtained a position as companion for an invalid lady. The husband of the invalid seemed to the young girl at first like the father she had never known. He was so tender and kind to her.

But before she knew what it meant to go wrong she had been led into the maze from which exit is so difficult by the "kind and tender" foster-father. Finally he importuned her to elope with him, but she realized the enormity of such a sin against the man's wife, and fled from the house. She had no friends, no door was

open to her; there were hands held out to drag her down, none to lead her up.

The intellectual tendency of Boston does not prevent the animal in man from asserting itself there as elsewhere. She fell still lower.

At twenty-one the girl suddenly found her heart occupied by a new emotion. She loved a man for the first time—loved him deeply, purely, unselfishly, as any innocent girl might love.

For this man she has abandoned all her evil ways and companions, living only for his approval, his smile, his affection.

"He is so good to me," she says, "but he never speaks of marriage. I would make him such a true wife! I long to be the mother of his children—there is nothing I would not sacrifice or do for his happiness. Do you think he will ever make me his wife? What can I do to win him for my own forever? I shall die if he ever leaves me—I could not live without him."

This is all terribly sad. I would like to encourage the girl to believe that her lover will make her his wife, but I cannot.

She is every whit as good as he is—were she not he would never have met her. He was not walking the straight and intellectual paths of Boston's purest social heights when he encountered her. Her past is probably no more checkered than his own. It is doubtful if his nature is capable of so much sincere and worthy affection as hers seems to be.

She would make him a more devoted wife than half the frivolous society girls men meet and do not hesitate to marry.

Yet he will hesitate to make this woman his wife. Most men would. It is her only hope of reformation, but few men are so ready to guide fallen women to a better life through the gates of matrimony. Occasionally we hear of one who has the courage to take such a step, but it is rare indeed when a woman who has led a promiscuously immoral life proves worthy of a man's faith in her. When she does she is usually more devoted and unselfish and faithful than the great mass of moral wives.

This woman seems to have the character and feeling which

would place her in this exceptional list. But the man judges her by the majority. There is one thing for her to comfort herself with, and that is that the only experience which makes life worth living is a great love such as she feels. There are moral, spotless women who go through existence without even knowing what it is to love absolutely and completely, with full self-surrender. Their ideas of love are petty, narrow, mercenary and selfish.

This woman need not envy them. She has reached a higher spiritual plane than they, even though she has climbed through mire and flame to reach it.

Let her try to live worthy of this feeling which dominates her. No matter what occurs, let her resolve never to debase the love which has brought forth the true womanhood within her nature. That would be the unpardonable sin. Worse women have become wives of better men. If she loves patiently and persistently enough the desire of her heart may be realized. But if it is not, at least she can be thankful that out of the ruin of her youth she has found what true womanhood means. Some women never find this out.

It is unwise for any woman to say in this age that she cannot live unless some one hope of her heart is granted. Women are learning that they can live and be useful and contented, even when happiness is gone. Never in the world were there such opportunities for women as today—never such hope for erring women to reform and become useful members of society.

The days of the "Scarlet Letter" are past. A woman who has fallen may rise again if she has the character and self-control to do so, and she may accomplish much good in the world, just as fallen men rise and become useful citizens. The world is beginning to realize that there is no sex in sin.

There are other cities besides Boston where this woman could begin a new life, were her hope of happiness taken from her heart forever.

Let her not despair.

SKETCH VIII

This experience is of a girl's life whom we will call Minnie. It differs greatly from those previously given in this respect, she never was a "White Slave," neither is she a sporting woman, and a very brief sketch is given to show how many people that are posing as very good and sometimes even religious do not hesitate to ruin the character of a girl or woman in the eyes of the world if not actually if they can gain financially by it. Some girls meet with so much unjust and undeserving ill-treatment at the hands of influential people and often by those that should help instead of hinder that they often get discouraged, make a mistep, lose their grip and go down. Some rise again, but many more never do. Some people that imagine they are the best people on earth will find a very black record of slanders, insinuations, lies, trickery and many other acts of meanness that cannot be enumerated here, against them in heaven, or I should say that will debar them from heaven. Just what is meant by these remarks can be better understood as you read the sketch through.

Minnie was raised in the East on a farm, where she lived until nearly 15, a very busy life, helping her parents indoors and out, as she was the eldest of the children. The mother, a delicate little woman, and her father had been a soldier in the Civil War, came out crippled in his right arm, which was stiff at the elbow and was not much account. He had other disabilities from the effects of the war and for this reason Minnie exerted her most to help them, and at 15 started out to work her own way through to secure an education. She worked very hard and faithfully for two years and then was compelled to give up her quest for a higher education. She was too frail for such a strenuous life. Long hard lessons to be learned at night, lots of hard work all day when not away at the school room, and no rest during vacation, as money must be earned to buy clothes for next winter. It is not to be wondered at that her strength failed her. She went home

and tried to persuade her father to let her have some money to help her along, but he did not encourage her in words, even much less money, as she knew he could have managed to do so if he had cared to do so. She felt greatly hurt at his indifference to her future, as she knew she had worked hard enough from the time she was big enough to work to be deserving of some help to secure an education. She stayed at home for awhile and helped her mother, but when she needed any money she had to go out and earn it, and in a fit of discouragement accepted one of several proposals of marriage and was married on her seventeenth birthday to a man nine years her senior. He was considered a very good man, had a good trade, made lots of money. All went well and she was very happy and contented in her cozy home until her mother took ill and finally died, when she had been married a little over a year. The following spring her husband decided he could do better in the West, and left for Washington, but Minnie could not think of leaving her motherless brothers and sisters so soon after the mother died, so persuaded him to go on without her and look around, find a location and get settled, then she would come to him. In the meantime she could be drilling the little girls for their new duties. She stayed with them several months, or until the next November after her husband left in the spring, a very unwise thing for her to do, as she found later to her sorrow. While she was doing a sister's duty and keeping her promise to the dying mother to do all she could for her brothers and sisters the husband was changing in some respects. He began writing her about the prospects for business. It turned out to be the saloon business, and as soon as he let her know she told him in very plain English he must chose between her and the saloon, as she would not live with a man that would run one. He was angry, but said no more about it. When she arrived in her new home she saw he was greatly changed in many ways.

Her trip had been quite interesting to her, as she had never been very far from home, especially to travel by herself. She visited relatives in several places in Southern Michigan and an

aunt in Wabash, Indiana, Mrs. Flinn, and finally bought a ticket for Albany, Oregon. She expected to make the trip in five and a half days, but instead was eight and a half days, and no fault of hers, either. Going from Wabash to Chicago she changed cars once, was due in Chicago at 10 p. m., but the New York train had been wrecked and caused a delay; she did not arrive until midnight and the train she should have taken out for Oregon had gone long ago. There was no train leaving for that place until 5 o'clock next evening, but she improved the time in company with an elderly lady and looked around Chicago a little. In Kansas City the train was five minutes late, so missed her train again, but did not care much, as she had an opportunity of looking over the city of Kansas. She got acquainted with a big family party going to California and altogether they traveled over the city of Kansas and had a jolly time, and at 8 that evening took the train to resume their journey.

The next day was a very tiresome one, as it was over endless prairie as far as the eye could reach, and when the train pulled into Colorado Springs that evening many of the passengers were glad to get off the train and make some kind of change. Minnie could have remained on the same train or she could stay all night in that place and take a train early next morning, or just wait one hour and take the train that made a short cut on the the narrow gauge road to Salina, arriving there about 4 o'clock in the morning. She would then have until 5 o'clock until next evening to rest in. She would have stayed in Colorado Springs, but as she was asking questions in regard to the different trains a drummer for a tobacco firm, as she afterwards found out, stepped up and listened to her questions. As he had come in on the same train and pretended to need some information too, but in reality only edging around for a chance to talk to her. She sat down with the intention of considering whether she had better stay all night there or go on to Salina. But she had no time to think before the drummer was by her side asking all manner of questions. "Where had she started from," "Where was she going," "how long had

she been on the road," and when she told him he decided for her that the best thing for her was for her to stay over in that place, and go on in the morning. As he was well acquainted in the city and knew where he could get her a fine room, and was traveling in the same direction as herself, and would be delighted to have her for a traveling companion. He knew he could make it very pleasant for her, as he always traveled first class. After asking a few questions at first he talked so fast she had no chance to consent or object. Then he jumped up and rushed away up town to engage the lovely room he talked so much about, bring a cab for her, as it was too far for her to walk, and all conveyances had left the depot before they had all got through asking the ticket agent questions. Minnie realized the drummer talked fast for a purpose. He took her to be a timid little "greenie," and his plan was to carry her off bodily without giving her a chance to protest, but as fast as he went he had not got out of the door before her mind was made up not to go up town with him, no matter how much he might bluster when he came back. The ticket agent was a young man of very noble appearance and had remained at the ticket window while the drummer had been talking to Minnie, and took notice of what he said and how he acted and as soon as he was gone the agent came out and sat down by her, as he had nothing to do at that time, and they were alone in the depot. He asked her a few questions concerning her journey and then proceeded to advise her to go to Salina and added he didn't think it best for her to accept that drummer's assistance. She laughed and said she had made up her mind before he had gone out of the door not to go with him, but as he had taken everything for granted and had left at such a rate of speed she thought it might cause him an accident if she tried to stop him. The agent laughed and said it served him right and for her to be sure and not go with him, and he could be on the watch for him and protect her if she needed it, and when the train came in he would escort her personally to it, and for her to wait for him, as he would not have much to do. She had not long to wait, as the train was on time,

and so was the agent, but he had barely got out of the car after finding her a seat before in came the drummer all in a flurry as much or more so than when he left to go up town. Minnie was occupying two seats with her valise and lunch basket setting in the vacant one. She sat facing him as he rushed in at the door, saying as he came: "Oh, why didn't you wait. I've got such a fine room. Cab out here," and so forth. He made a grab at her valise and basket. She rose up and laid hold of her belongings and calmly told him to take his hands off her belongings. She had not asked him to secure rooms for her, and had given her no chance to object to his proceedings. Therefore if he had such a nice room engaged he could go and occupy it. He went out of that car like a bean out of a popgun and his coattails flying. People sitting near looked up in wild-eyed surprise at the flurry, but in a second had taken in the situation and the look of surprise soon changed to one of amazement, especially four gentlemen in front of her, who sat facing each other and apparently having a very sociable time. By the time the drummer was out of the door their shoulders were shaking with suppressed laughter and one remarked in a stage whisper, "Very young, but not so green evidently." Minnie was nearly 19, but looked younger.

She soon settled down for a nap and about midnight the brakeman roused her to see the grand canyon by moonlight, as the narrow gauge runs through the grand canyon, and that particular night happened to be one of those clear moonlight nights like they usually are in mid-winter. The sight was truly grand and she was very thankful to the brakeman for not letting her miss it. A young girl sitting in the seat just behind her went into raptures over it and in that way they got acquainted. Minnie found she was returning home from boarding school, that her parents lived near Salina, so that was her stopping place also. The girl was well acquainted in town, even knew the porter slightly that met the midnight trains. They both went to his hotel which was only a few steps from where the train stopped, and proved to be a very good one, cozily furnished and heated by fur-

nace. The young lady did not wish to take a room, as her folks would be in early for her, so Minnie decided to keep her company. They inspected the bath room and found it very good and proceeded each to take one, and then cuddled up on the big easy lounges in the parlor, where they rested well until 8 o'clock, and then took a walk around town and had breakfast. Then the young girl's people called for her and Minnie was left to pass the rest of the day alone. She went back to the hotel, had another nap, but a disturbed one, as the head chamber maid came in quite often and took out linen from a closet behind the parlor door, also to dust and tidy up the parlor. She was a very wicked looking unintelligent woman, nevertheleess Minnie was so lonesome she would have been glad even if she had talked a little to her, but she paid no more attention to Minnie's presence than as if she had been a piece of the furniture. The only discrimination she showed was she didn't offer to dust Minnie along with the furniture. Her indifference was more noticeable by Minnie, for wherever she went people paid her so much attention. When the gong sounded for lunch she decided to eat at the hotel and proceeded at once to the dining room. As she was descending the stairway she noticed that two immense arches on either side made the dining room, hall and office appear nearly like one immense room. In the office part were three men, one evidently clerk, as he was behind the counter, the others were tilted back in chairs smoking. One sat facing the stairway, quite a nice looking man, 25 or 30 years old with a well bred air, and as soon as he noticed her coming down the stairway he quickly brought his chair and feet on a level with the floor, tipped the ash from his cigar and stared quite rudely at her, but she thought it was only because she was a stranger and likely he was the landlord, and not knowing she was in the house, as she had not registered. It was more noticeable as there were not many people around, it being a small quiet place. After she ate her lunch she started to walk up to where the clerk was to pay for her dinner, and the young man in the chair jumped up and announced that he was the landlord and at

her service, if there was anything she wanted. She said she only wanted to pay for her dinner, and as she reached the top of the stairway the jolly crowd was coming in for lunch. She glanced down at them and saw that the landlord was standing just where she had left him only looking up at her, and she said to herself: "Well, you have very bad manners if you do look like a gentleman." She proceeded to the parlor, seated herself comfortably in a big leather rocker by the bay window where she had a good view of the landscape and what was going on outside. She soon tired of that and decided to take another nap, as her train was not due until 5 p. m., but just as she had come to that conclusion in came Mr. Landlord, different and smiling, and proceeded to make himself agreeable by pleasant conversation, finally veering around to questions as to where she had started from, where she was going, and a host of others, then proceeded to try and persuade her to stay over Sunday in this little town, as this was Saturday. He thought the rest would do her much good and he would be delighted to show her what beautiful drives they had and other show places of interest to travelers, but she wasn't to be persuaded to doing anything of the kind, although he said all a stranger could to make her stay, and repeated the question so many times and finally looked and acted as though he might drop on his knees and make love to her. She grew angry at that, said she was not traveling for her health or pleasure on a ticket that allowed her stopovers anywhere she saw fit, and as it was she was liable to miss a wedding and Christmas festivities at her uncle's home where she was going. Then as he saw that it was of no avail he desisted in pleading for her to stay and said: "Well, if I cannot persuade you to spend Sunday with us let me give you a fine dinner before you leave. We will order it early enough so that we will have plenty of time to enjoy it before your train arrives. She declined with thanks and said as she had eaten heartily at lunch it would be too early to eat again before train time. "Oh, that reminds me," he said, "that train will be at least an hour late. There has been an accident up the road, but if you are determined

to go I will send a porter to carry your valise, so don't go until he comes after you." He had not been gone fifteen minutes from the room until in came the chambermaid with the wicked face. Now she was as "chipper" and talkative as she had been glum in the morning. Fussed all round the room doing nothing and asked Minnie all manner of questions and wound up by saying there had been an accident up the road, and her train would be quite late, so she better have a good dinner before starting out. Minnie was feeling quite a suspicion of some kind of conspiracy by this time, so as soon as the woman left the room she put on her wraps and went down town, which was not far away, and bought some fruit. Went into the depot and asked the ticket agent if there had been a wreck and if the 5 o'clock train was delayed by it. He was a heavy set, middle-aged man. He looked at her for several seconds before answering and then said: "No, miss, not that I know of, and I would know if anyone would. Why do you ask?" "I was informed at the hotel that there had been, and the 5 o'clock train would be at least an hour late." His face grew angry red and his eyes flashed as though he was thinking of some one he would like to have by the neck long enough to give him a good choking. Then he said to her very kindly: "There has been no accident and your train will be here on time at 5 o'clock sharp, and you be sure to be here to take it." As she stepped out of the depot to go over to the hotel the landlord was pacing up and down in front of it, but as soon as Minnie emerged from the depot he turned and walked to the farthest end of the platform, so as not to face her. The train was on time and so was the porter to carry her valise. As she started to get on the train who should she see standing on the platform of the sleeping car but the drummer she had left "in the lovely room at Colorado Springs." So she got into a day coach, as she didn't wish to be in the same car with him. She was quite sure he was out there on purpose to see if she was there to take the train. She made herself as comfortable in the day coach as possible, and all went well until midnight, when the train stopped at a junction in the mountains. Quite a

crowd of people boarded the train here and many that had been occupying two seats had to give them up. Minnie was among the number. She removed her belongings from the seat in front of her, touched a man on the elbow that was standing in the aisle near her and told him if he would like the seat over he could have it. The next morning this same man commenced talking to her and continued to keep the conversation up all day, and sometimes his companion joined in. He finally grew tired of sitting sideways and talking, so after walking around a while the train stopped at a station, he came in and asked permission to sit in her seat. Thinking he would only sit there a little while she gave her permission, as she did not want to appear rude, although she did not especially care for his company, as she didn't like his looks, although he claimed to be a teacher; also his friend that was with him, and they looked like men of some such profession, but the one doing the talking did not impress Minnie in either looks or conversation as being a very good man, and it annoyed her exceedingly when he persisted in retaining a seat with her the rest of the day, and finally trying to persuade her to stop over at Salt Lake City, as she might never be passing that way again, and he and his friend would be glad to show her the city. She told him that she had heard and read such terrible stories about the Mormon fathers that she had no desire whatever to set foot in their city, much less to go on a tour of sight-seeing with utter strangers, who for ought she knew might be an agent of theirs. This made the man's face blaze and he protested strongly and repeated that he and his friend were teachers, traveling a little during their vacation for recreation and had decided to put most of the time in at Salt Lake City, and then return to work again. They were then only a few stops from the city. At one place they both went out and the one that had not said much soon came back in and remarked that he thought she would be very tired sitting still so long and asked permission to hand her a drink of water and then take her out for a short promenade before the train would start again. A feeling of distrust flashed over Minnie and she declined

his offer very shortly. They did not come back in the car then, until Salt Lake City was reached, and then only to get their luggage and bid her a polite farewell.

There had been a young man sitting just back of Minnie. He had talked with her awhile soon after she had got on the train the evening before. He was a blacksmith by trade, but had been very sick with some fever and was going to California for awhile. He wasn't so refined in manner and speech as the other men, but he evidently was a more honorable one in character. He didn't like the looks of these other men that monopolized Minnie's attention all day, so paid attention to their conversation as much as possible and never left the car himself, and when these men were leaving the car at Salt Lake City he gave a rather boisterous laugh. She turned to see what he was laughing at. He leaned towards her and said:

"If those guys had tried to get you off the car in any way they would have found themselves in the liveliest mix-up they ever heard of. I don't think they are teachers, either, but make a business of traveling around the country enticing young girls to go to Salt Lake City or other places. They would turn out to be anything but good. That fellow put something in that cup of water before offering it to you. I was watching him and would have knocked him, cup and all clear out of the car door had you offered to take the cup, but as you was equal to the occasion there was no need for me to interfere. I would hate to have a girl like you give me a look like you gave that fellow as you refused that cup of water. I bet he thought you saw him put that dope in the cup, but I know you didn't, as you were not looking at him the moment he did. I guess you'll get along all right. Your head is level and too full of good common sense to listen to flattery. A common trap such men use to trap girls with. That fellow aimed to get you to drink that doped water, then go out to walk around with him. You would have fainted, or that is what they would have called it, and claimed you as his wife or sister while you were unconscious. They would not have taken you back in

the train, but instead would have placed you where you would have been at their mercy."

That evening when the train was only a short distance from Salt Lake City their train ran into an open switch and was wrecked. Fortunately no one was hurt but the engineer, and he not seriously, as he jumped at the last moment. The engine was a complete wreck and rolled over in a big ditch beside the track. The baggage car was off the track and badly smashed up. The mail car was off the track, but not otherwise damaged. All the passenger coaches were left on the track, consequently no one hurt, but Minnie was just in the act of yawning and the sudden jerking caused her to bite her tongue. After waiting an hour or more the railroad company sent out some freight car cabooses and took the passengers on to Ogden. There were so many and only two or three cabooses they had to pack the people in as tight as sardines in a box. The most of them had to stand up. The caboose Minnie was in they had a red-hot stove in the middle of the car, and of course every one crowded back as far as possible from the stove. Not only was it uncomfortably warm, but there was danger of being thrown on the stove if the car should lurch enough to throw one off their feet. Minnie was among others next to the door, in fact crowded back in a corner till she could hardly breathe, and behind her was someone else jammed so tight in the corner he could not get out, and as the people kept crowding against her it pushed her unblushingly close to the man behind her in the corner. She looked around to see who he might be and lo and behold it was the drummer. She wondered if he wasn't thinking of the lovely rooms in Colorado Springs. He looked so dreamy the climax was too much for her sense of humor and a tantalizing laugh escaped her. That caused the drummer to look as though he wished the bottom of the car would drop out, his corner of it anyway. And that was the last time she ever got a glimpse of him. The supposition is he took a different route out from Ogden to make sure of not meeting the little girl again; drummers are a jolly set generally, but I

don't fancy any of them would care to be laughed at by a little green looking country girl.

Fortunately it did not take long to run down to Ogden, then she was soon settled in a comfortable bed and next morning felt greatly refreshed, and was on her way again by 9 o'clock. She soon found herself surrounded by more congenial traveling companions, a party of legislators accompanied by their wives and daughters. There were also several young men in the party, two or three older men that were not legislators. One Minnie ascertained was general passenger agent for the road they were traveling over. They were a jolly party and time flew pleasantly by with such good company. The ladies especially were very kind to Minnie because she was traveling alone and was a little young.

As this was the day before Christmas and she had expected to be at her journey's end before that time, but as yet was a long ways from her destination. Christmas eve they all had to change cars at Pueblo, but there was no train out till after 1 o'clock, and when there was one the heating apparatus of the day coaches was out of order, so was cold, so the married people retired to the sleeping car, but all the young people remained up and had a gay time, and the conductor joined the party whenever he had time, and next morning after the legislative party reached their destination in Idaho he took Minnie in the sleeping car, as it was too cold in the day coach, and he proceeded to devote every spare moment he had off duty. He was a little insignificant looking man and proved as insignificant as he looked. She soon tired of his conversation and would pretend to be asleep when she knew he was coming through the car. Her possum trick afforded considerable amusement for a young man across the aisle from her. She got tired of feigning sleep, and the conductor popping in sudden like found her eyes open, stopped to say a few words, but could not sit down then, but said he would soon have time to rest again, as much as to say he hoped she wouldn't go to sleep again. The young man across the aisle heard what he said and saw how

bored she looked, so he asked permission to sit by her and talk. He proved a delightful change compared to the little insipid conductor. He was a business man from Portland, a jewelryman, I believe, a fine looking young man and acted like a perfect gentleman. When the conductor came through the car next time and found him sitting by Minnie how he did scowl. It seemed to greatly amuse the young man, so he retained the seat till the conductor's time for a rest was up and he was again busy. Then the young man left to talk to others in the car, but about the time Mr. Conductor was due for another rest he came back and talked awhile, and in that way relieved her of the conductor's presence the rest of the day. Early in the day the conductor had ascertained the number of people that would like to have a good Christmas dinner, as this day was Christmas, then telegraphed ahead to some woman that kept a nice little restaurant in a small town where the train stopped long enough to allow passengers to get a meal. As everyone else in the car was going Minnie finally decided to accept the conductor's invitation, but expected to go with the crowd and pay for her own meal, but when they reached the place the conductor was on hand to escort her and head the procession up town. The young man was not to be outdone, as he walked at her right, so she had two escorts, but the dining room was a small one and some one had to wait, so they compelled the conductor to be the unlucky one. So Minnie and the young man ate Christmas dinner together, minus Mr. Conductor, and the rest of the day and evening he was too busy to have any more rests, but after everyone in the car had retired he came to Minnie's berth, it being an end one, opened the curtain and chided her for going to bed so early because he wanted to talk to her. Even asked her to get up and come into the part he used as an office. She ordered him out and to be quick about it. Then he wanted to kiss her and offered to do so. She slapped him in the face and told him to be gone that instant or she would scream. At that there was a movement in the berth next to hers, so Mr. Conductor made an exit very quickly and returned no more, and next morning who

should turn out of the berth next her own but the young man before mentioned. He evidently expected she would need protection during the night, so had taken a berth near her. While the majority of men both of high and low degree are scoundrels, thank God we yet have a goodly number that are good and noble.

The next morning they arrived in Portland and at noon Minnie reached her destination, where she found two uncles anxiously awaiting her arrival.

Bancroft Library

The brief sketch of Minnie's life so far and the few incidents are given to show she was a good sensible woman and wholly undeserving of the evil treatment she received in the following years. She had learned to almost reverence the aunt to whose home she was going to in Albany, Oregon. She had not seen the aunt since she was quite young, but the aunt had been so good and kind to her mother in many ways, taking the place of a mother to her whenever she had an opportunity, as their mother died when they were quite young, and later in life after the aunt had married a well to do man in Oregon, she sent many nice and useful gifts to Minnie's mamma and the children that were greatly needed and appreciated. In fact she sent them so much it endeared her in the minds of the children, and Minnie especially felt she could never do enough to repay her kindness, consequently when she arrived at her aunt's home and found her husband was not prepared to furnish her a home and she would have to board at the hotel with him, she yielded to her aunt's persuasion to stay with him till he got a home ready. As her aunt was complaining a great deal and Minnie felt that now was the time to do something in return for the aunt's kindness, as there were many days the aunt was bedfast, so Minnie took charge of the house on such times and at all times done most of the real work and took an interest in the management of the household as though it was for her mother, or even her own, with the result her aunt was so well pleased she could hardly talk of anything else, and in writing to a younger sister, Mrs. Anna Flint, of Wabash, Ind., her letters were full of praise of Minnie. This younger sister had three girls

of her own, and one son, and she was very ambitious that they should make a great and shining mark in the world, but they were not wealthy but much better situated financially than Minnie's mother and a stronger and healthier woman, but the very opposite in disposition, being sour, cranky, selfish and very jealous in more ways than of her husband, but he, good-natured old soul, came in for a goodly share of that, but he didn't seem to pay much attention to it. Consequently when she received letters from her sister Mary in Oregon so full of praise for Minnie the green-eyed monster got the best of her, as her sister was by that time wealthy and no children of her own, Mrs. Flinn preferred to have her own daughters stand highest in her Sister Mary's estimation for the sake of what she could give them while she lived, and also make them her heirs. While Minnie arrived in Albany in December this Mrs. Flinn with two of her daughters arrived the following first of June and remained till the latter part of September, and Minnie soon saw that Mrs. Flinn's coming boded evil for her, and it proved many times worse than she could even imagine. The aunt Mary was sick much of the time all summer and that gave them a chance to do much mischief. For instance, they would hover over the aunt Mary and do a little waiting on her, but would not do a hand's turn to assist Minnie with the drudgery and yet she found out later they claimed to Mary they were doing all the work in the kitchen, and in reality all they did was to watch Minnie and study up something to find fault about her, and even resorted to lies. Minnie soon saw such a change in her aunt Mary she decided to keep her eyes and ears open and try to find out the cause. She had a good idea, but she was determined to make sure. So she overheard their conversation many times, but her aunt Mary being sick so much and as she was at a critical age, Minnie determined not to desert her too much, for the special reason that the aunt Mary's mind was not as clear at all times as it had been, a common occurrence with many women at her age. She could notice it herself, and many, many times said to Minnie she feared she would loose her mind so completely she might have

to be sent to Salem. For that reason Minnie endured much and tried to keep the machinery of that household so well oiled everything would run smoothly and be no clashing to disturb the aunt Mary, with the hope that she would come out of her sickness with her mind as clear and bright as ever. But Mrs. Flinn and her daughter were as determined to cause trouble as Minnie was to avoid it and of course there soon came a time when patience ceased to be a virtue, and Minnie went to her uncle and told him how they had been deceiving Aunt Mary and maligning her. He had noticed a good deal himself, so was not much surprised, but very angry. Minnie packed up her belongings and wrote her husband to get a house to go to housekeeping again, supposing after nine months he would have enough laid up to start on anyway. But he had not. Pool playing, cards and women had got it, for he drew a good salary. Well, in her dilemma Minnie asked her uncle Perry to loan her a hundred dollars for ninety days to buy a few necessary things to commence housekeeping with.

When they found out she borrowed money of the uncle they threw up their hands in horror and proceeded to poison the wife's mind against the husband solely to injure Minnie in her estimation for all time, and they succeeded, but that was not the worst effect from their evil work. They poisoned that sick woman's mind with those evil suggestions and from thinking evil of others sank to evil doing herself in time. Had Mrs. Flinn been a good Christian woman, like she posed as being then, she would have given that sister beautiful thoughts that would have soared heavenward, and in the light and power of God's love that brain might have cleared. I pity Mrs. Flinn when she stands before the judgment seat of God. She wrecked a beautiful home and brought heart-breaking sorrow to an aged man that was deserving of good treatment. She done all that lay in her power to wreck the character of her dead sister's child in the estimation of all the child held most dear, but Minnie's faith in God's love and mercy never weakened and she said if there is a just God in heaven he will punish that woman and some day she will be brought forth and

shown up in her true colors. Many years have passed since she did that foul thing, and her punishment on earth has already been great. Immediately on returning home she was afflicted with terrible sickness in her head, nearly went crazy herself and about the same time her husband was taken sick, was compelled to have an operation on his skull. A big expense and no income of the precious metal she would barter her soul for. She had one daughter that wasn't considered as bright as the oldest daughter, Emma Jane. After they were so afflicted with sickness they kept her home to do the work. The father was unable to work for such a long time Emma Jane, her pride, and the one she was so ambitious to have so highly educated and wanted her to be the Aunt Mary's heiress, and so forth, had to quit school and go to dressmaking to earn money to help support the family. Very soon the one at home, the drudge, took some fever and died after a long illness that caused a big bill. Then Emma Jane had to leave the sewing room to go home to work in the kitchen, got discouraged, married a farmer, had two children, then died and left them for her mother to care for. The one boy of the family that was as the apple of his mother's eye, and she had hoped great things for him, ran away with a circus, was gone a year. She never heard from him till he came back to die, and did so in a few months of consumption. The last account Minnie had of Mrs. Flinn's troubles she was at loggerheads with her sister, Mary, so that put an end to her hopes of gain there, for either herself or surviving child, but Mrs. Flinn was not alone in her evil work of ruining her sister's home. Her brother, Harmon, had a hand in the game against Minnie, but for his own benefit and while he and his family have profited well financially in the pasing years that's all they will get, judging from the information a detective secured long before Mary applied for a divorce. She was greatly enamoured with a little weizened-up libertine. Not only was the detective in possession of horrible facts, but a great many times the facts of the condition of affairs was made evident to neighbors. One neighbor went to Mary's house after lunch to deliver a beautiful

rose a friend had asked her to kindly deliver for her, and she could get no response to her repeated knocking at the door. She stepped back in her own house and sat down in her bay window to sew, and was in full view of Mary's house. In a very few moments after she had settled down to her sewing along comes this little libertine and apparently did not stop to rap, but walked right in. Perhaps some one was watching and had the door wide open for him to enter. The neighbor said now is my chance. She is in now. I'll take the rose right over before it wilts any. It's such a beauty. Well, she rapped and waited; no response; rapped again very loud; no response. She knew Mary was in the house, so also was the man, so she repeated the rapping and also shook the door. She jammed the rose down in the ground by the door and left it and never set foot in her doorway again. Such results their wicked work has wrought certainly will be anything but pleasant thoughts for Mrs. Flinn and Harmon to dwell on in their old days. Harmon's idea was to get the management of Mary's money after she secured a divorce.

Well, so wags the world, but those that take delight in digging such pits for some one else to fall in should remember that eventually they will trip and go down in the pit themselves, and the ones they have tried so hard to ruin often will be elevated by the dirt they have thrown up in digging the pit.

The way events veered round in Minnie's life proves the statement. We will go back over her life to the point where she left her aunt's home to go to housekeeping, for two or three years of her life was made miserable by this selfish and jealous dispositioned man. Add to that his chagrin because she objected to him running a saloon. Finally they moved to a larger city. He took a man with him, intending to go into the business anyway; but she soon got an inkling of what they were up to and read them both such a lecture it scared the little man that had the money so bad that he disappeared at once. So that put a stop to the business for a while; but her husband was determined to have a saloon. He secured a good job, got big wages,

and went to saving up for the business, and in the meantime treated her scandalous in many ways, and at last, when she saw he would eventually go into the business in spite of her, she left him, but not till she had prayed long and fervently over the matter, and from then on would work from early till late, and made short work of getting ready to leave. And never a doubt or regret came in her heart then or after, and at that time she belonged to no church either. She went back to her father's home and stayed for several years with heart and health broken. But when she first left he circulated the report that she had left him for another man that had wealth, as though wealth was the all important part considered, which was an untruth, as he found to his sorrow later. When he fully realized he had lost her forever, and that he loved her better than he knew till it was too late to recall her, it took all thought of saloon business out of him, and his thoughts and ambitions settled on an idea that had come to him while at work for a certain invention that later he patented and made a fortune with it, and in less than three years from the time she left he was offered $50,000 for the use of his patent just in Alaska. He would not have realized that much from the profits of a dozen saloons in that short time in the place where he intended to commence.

After a few years Minnie married again, this time in a family that were enthusiastic prohibition workers from the oldest to the youngest, and all teachers or preachers, and sometimes both; but they were not rich. The difference in the two elements was very great, and she enjoyed the latter much more than all the wealth the first could ever have accumulated. She lived among them four years; then she was compelled to return to Oregon for her health, and again she was made to suffer agonies indescribable by the meanness of a few jealous and extremely selfish people, and at last, when the last straw that breaks the camel's back was added, her uncle came to her, and told her how things were going in his home, and that things had come to such a pass, and no fault of his, either, he would have to make arrangements for someone to

take care of him in his old days, as his wife cared for naught but to get all the money she could and get away. He had but one daughter and no sons living, and this daughter had several noisy and mischievous youngsters, so he could not think of going to their home, and it was the same with the only grandchildren that were married, and those that were not married were too rattle-brained to be depended on to take proper care of themselves even. So he arranged with Minnie to help her financially while he lived, and make sure she would receive her reward for her work, and to place her under obligations to him so he could feel sure of some one to take care of him in his last days. So at last Minnie received unasked and very much unexpected just what her enemies had tried to keep from her, as they had plotted to ruin him completely and get every dollar the old gentleman had; and as it was they would not have got what they did if it had not been for Minnie. She finally advised him to give his wife a plenty to make her comfortable if she would use it carefully, and let her go, as she was just as worthy as some of his other heirs by his first wife. Then, perhaps, they would let him be in peace. If some men had been in his shoes they would have put the wife in the insane asylum and some others in state's prison, and none of them would have got hold of a dollar of his money.

In reviewing her life Minnie often wondered why she had been afflicted with so much trouble in so many different ways when she tried so hard to be kind and helpful to all around her; and some she had helped the most treated her worst in her time of need. This was the severest trial of all. But there had been a time after her second marriage when she came into this family of very active Christians, the Lord placed her near a field of His that she could have labored in, and perhaps accomplished a great deal of good to His glory. The field meant was a little neighborhood with a church different from her denomination. That fact added to the immoral condition among several families that attended this church, and especially a bunch of giddy girls that

went to church only for pastime and amusement. Minnie had no patience with them, or knew she would not, so did not attempt to help or hinder them. She had kept herself good and pure through some rough places; had seen much trouble, but had come out with a cool head, and had remained pure and good and knew it, and had no patience with silly, rattle-brained girls, consequently never pulled a weed out of that rough field so close at hand. Then gradually her health slipped away, and the Lord gave her some harder lessons to learn in the schoolroom we call the world. And a few years later, when she was again reviewing her life that had past, the Lord made it plain to her that she had needed just such trials and troubles to fit her for the work He wanted her to do. And now that she has been brought to a realization of the actual conditions and great need of Christ-like Christian work, right at our very doors, she intends to pull weeds or plow for Jesus' sake the rest of her life, and can sing with the Psalmist of old.

Psalm XXIII. David's Confidence in God's Grace. A Psalm of David.

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.

He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still waters.

He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

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